THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WALKING ON THE WALL.

My wee one walked the narrow wall—
  What child but hungers thus to go?—
Her eyes alert lest she might fall
  On that rough-bowldered pave below.
At length she stopped, and this her plea
  As though o'erfull of care her cup:
"Please, Daddy, hold my hand for me
  So when I walk I can look up."

All-Father, when we walk the ways
  That teem with pitfalls for our feet,
That baby plea of bygone days
  Might in our sorest need be meet.
Tired out with watchfulness and care,
  With strife for paltry bite and sup,
"Thou hold our hands," we make our prayer,
  "That while we walk we may look up."

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A STUDY OF A HOME MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTION.

The recent report of the contributions for home missions in the Congregational churches of Washington affords an interesting study. The apportionment for the year 1912 was $23,231. Up to the 15th of August the amount received was $10,085. Of this amount $7,000.51 were contributed by four churches, Plymouth and Pilgrim of Seattle, the First of Tacoma and Westminster of Spokane. Accordingly the other 172 churches contributed only $3,084.49.

The conference trustees say in a statement which they sent out to the churches: "If some of our largest churches had not by hard effort advanced the greater part of their gifts in the first few months our plight would be a sad one. Indeed it is hard to see how otherwise we could have financed the work. In several cases the generous amounts they sent us were borrowed on their notes." The trustees add: "While we honor them for this we should remember that it would not be fair year after year to impose on them such a burden, however cheerfully it may have been borne this time. A closer attention by pastors and officers to securing earlier payments would relieve this strain. It might after a time become discouraging if for the early half of each year three or four churches have to do most of the lifting for six or eight score of their able-bodied friends. Half our churches, if they plan for it, can meet their entire home missionary apportionment before July 1st of each year. In many cases it would mean simply a rearranging of the schedule of their benevolences."

The Washington churches doubtless are a fair sample of the churches in other states. The inclination on the part of the smaller churches, even though they may be home missionary churches, to postpone their contributions to the latter part of the year, is something from which they should break away. It is incumbent on every church to do its part, and to see to it that at least at the end of every quarter there is no delinquency to be charged to it.

METHODIST FRATERNITY.

At the Methodist Episcopal conference last week at Pacific Grove a fraternal delegate from the California conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, expressed regret that more substantial progress had not been made in solving the problems growing out of the occupancy of the same territory by the two churches, and the consequent wastefulness and weakening of efficiency. It was his hope that the commissions on federation would be continued, and that, without the slightest quibbling or advantage seeking, the issues would be met and the problem solved in a manner that would honor Christ. In the course of his address the delegate, who is a man of prominence in the Southern Methodist Church, said:

"So far as I am concerned I wish to say here and now that I would hale with joy the unification of American Methodism. It ought to come, and I believe it will come. It may not come in my way and I am quite sure it will not come in the way some of you have been thinking. But for it's coming in God's way I devoutly pray and patiently wait.

"In the meantime may we not work together or side by side in bonds of sympathy and brotherly love, always helping and never hindering the work of each other, rejoicing each of us in the success of the other as much as if it were our own success?

"Is anything less than this the Spirit of Christ? And I am persuaded that only by thus dealing with each other in absolute frankness and honesty and with genuine unselfishness can we hasten a true federation, if not the organic union of our common Methodism."

The California conference of the northern wing of the church put itself on record as endorsing the sentiments of the fraternal delegate, and appointed a commission to consult with a similar one from the other conference "to study the situation and see if a plan cannot be devised to consolidate the churches in towns where there is not room enough for two, without doing injustice to the work of either church on the Pacific Coast."

The day has long since passed for two Methodist Episcopal churches in this country, and the religious world in general would welcome their organic union. We believe that they owe it to the cause of Christ to get together, and that speedily. So alike in doctrine and in polity as to be distinguishable only by microscopic observation, their remaining apart much longer will become one of the great disgraces of Christendom.

A vocational survey of the students of the University of Minnesota shows that fully nine tenths have decided on their life work, and that two thirds of these reached their decisions while yet in the high schools. The survey reached 1,400 students, 800 of whom are women. It is said that fully one half of the men plan to go into law or medicine. Only twenty men and sixteen women had chosen specifically religious work. The Assembly Herald remarks: "If this survey is an index of the conditions in other universities, then a high school campaign might be undertaken to secure recruits for the ministry.

The 16th of this month the Presbyterians of Illinois will dedicate a fine church building for men and women students and a residence hall for students at the University of Illinois. The building cost $30,000, and an endowment fund of $60,000 has been raised. Dr. H. P. Merriam of Santa Barbara, California gave $10,000 toward the endowment; and the William B. McKinley of Campaign, Illinois gave $20,000 toward the building. The grounds and buildings cost $53,000. There are 760 Presbyterian students in the University. The reason for a church building

to his far-reaching plans. When others their tempers tried to the breaking point—cursed with dry, high-pitched, querulous curses the heat, the land, the sun, the dust, the company and their fellow-sufferers, Jefferson Worth's cool, even tones and unsuffered spirit helped them to a needed self-control and gave the a new and stronger grip on things."

We have a minister down in these parts who last Sunday morning preached a sermon to himself before his congregation. I came near doing that very thing myself when I first read the above paragraph in "Barbara Worth," except that my congregation was not present. But I dropped the book for a few moments, and said to **myself.** "If a man of the Jefferson Worth type can keep control of himself, meeting the tests of a hot day with 'Cool, even tones and unruffled spirit,' what has the world a right to expect of people whose faith demands of them an everyday life inspired by such a sentiment as 'I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me,' once expressed by one of the great leaders in Christian conquest?"

As the noon hour of the hot day aproaches a light breeze comes floating in from somewhere, and one turns to give it greeting, not with words but with ready submission to its caresses. What better sign of appreciation could one offer? The mountains are veiled in a thin, smoky haze. The birds all seem to be asleep except one linnet out in the "Somewhere" that has apparently awakened just enough to cheep a faint welcome to the incoming breeze. Not a lizard is sprawled on the little bridge that spans the ravine yonder. That bridge is not often lizardless in the daytime at this time of the year, but the heat today is either to much even for those heat-loving creatures, or some other quality in the air is keeping them in their out-of-sight retreats.

The mail arrives and brings a letter from Denver: "On Friday night it began to snow and kept it up all night and all day Saturday." The morning paper comes in the same mail. It tells us that the Weather Bureau Thermoneter registered 100 degrees in Los Angeles yesterday, and that "the local forecaster says there'll be no need of overcoats today." Evidently that forecaster is a man of understanding. Then you turn to another page in your "daily" and read: "Chicago shivered yesterday from a cold wave, aided and abetted by one of the coldest fall winds that has swept over the city in years. The Elevated Railroad Company ordered the heat turned on in its cars." One almost wishes he had not read that last sentence, it seems to "turn on" an extra sense of heat, and we are having about all we care for on this hot day without any extra sense of it.

But what would we mortals do without the weather? It gives us something to talk about when our brains are too sluggish to set our tongues at work on nobler themes. It gives us something to write about when our notebooks fail to furnish material. And if one is quick to comprehend the language of the commonplace he can turn to the weather when he wants illustrations for his sermons and find himself immersed in them, as our earth is immersed in ether.

La Canada, California, September 20. 1912.

President Taft's views on "Socialism and Its Menace," and "Why Government Ownership Would Not Help the Wage-Earner," are reported in October "Century" by Charles D. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee.

THE ENLARGING SERVICE IN FIVE PROFESSIONS.

I.

What the Average Citizen Expects of the Public School.

Roy H. Campbell.

(Sunday evening, September the 22d, the Rev. Roy H. Campbell, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Palo Alto, began a series of sermons on "The Enlarging Service in Five Professions." The topics announced were: What the Average Citizen Expects of the Public School; Four Demands on the Modern Lawyer; Accomplishments and Possibilities in the Realm of Medicine; The Measure of the Efficient Politician; Yesterday and Tomorrow in the Ministry. We have asked Mr. Campbell to prepare from each of these addresses an article for The Pacific, the first of which is given here.—Editor.)

There are 18,000,000 children of school age in our country. Form them in line of march, one before the other, and a child at one end could dip his fingers in the Atlantic off some rugged rock in Maine while a child at the other was digging his toes in the warm sands of some Pacific beach in California. If you stood on a reviewing stand while those children marched past, as so many of them do on our public days, you would be compelled to keep your place well nigh four months to see the last of that line pass by. The average citizen of America helps to put school houses above their heads; books in their hands and teachers before them willingly, because the interest represented by that line of march above all else commands his loyal affection.

How often on election day will the bonds for the inner harbor fail to carry, and the bonds for the incinerator plant or the new city hall be turned down while the school bonds will win out three to one. The fourth of July orator understands this attitude. Rarely does a fervid speech mount up to the heavens on Independence day without some allusion to the little red school house, although you might visit every town and village in the whole state and fail to find one clothed in that historic color. Our domineering claims for our school, for its efficiency, for the ability of its teaching force amounts almost to Jingoism. The man who has never climbed over the fence about his own county is sure that the schools of France or Germany or even of England do not come within striking distance of his own.

Now side by side with this pride and singular devotion there go certain expectations as to what it shall render to him in turn. These expectations are rather due to him. If you were to ask a dozen different men on the street what they expected of the public school they would not be apt to frame their replies alike. But at the heart of all of them I believe you would find like expectation touching the two essential elements of any school, the teacher and the pupil.

In the first place he asks that the teacher be something as well as know something. The average citizen is too modest to ask what shall be the prevailing philosophy of teaching—he has never heard of Pestalozzi or Froebel or even of Dr. Montessori. He hesitates to demand anything in regard to the technique of teaching, he can't even translate the peculiar jargon of a teachers' institute. He does feel, however, that it is essential to a well ordered school that the teacher possess other elements than the knowledge of subjects she has gained in her course of training. He wants her to know a good deal. He is proud of the

high standard which has come to have a place in the school and would never hear of the return to that policy which selected a sixteen-year-old girl for her good looks and gentle ways or a hard-featured bachelor because he possessed a muscular arm. But above all that he feels that the work she has to do will depend for its real success more upon what she is than upon what she knows. He has become convinced that the lad he sends to school is shaped up by the teacher's likes or dislikes, her sympathy or lack of interest, her optimism or pessimism, her faith or disbelief far more than he is by her expert knowledge of square root or her ability to recite in order the kings and queens of England. He is strengthened in this conviction when he hears from the lips of the youngster who has been entrusted to the school for six months the familiar words "teacher says" or "teacher does" or "teacher knows" when he insists upon taking a course at right angles to his own. The woman was right when she said in complaining voice to the teacher, "When Johnnie listens to you he thinks he listens to God." But she was not right when she complained. She should have been devoutly thankful for a teacher who could command such respect and have tried to imitate her. Because of this belief there is the high expectation that those who have chosen the work of the teacher shall match by the quality of their lives the high degree of skill and the splendid efficiency which they undoubtedly possess.

I believe that the school is endeavoring to answer this expectation. A school principal, a man who virtually employs scores of teachers each year, tells me that while there is demanded of the incoming teacher a certain standard of training, a certificate from the normal school for the grammar grades, or a year of graduate work in the university along a prescribed course for the high school classes, yet the length of service in his school depends upon factors quite outside of that training. In the one who stays and succeeds there must reside certain qualities which can utilize this training, together with the experience of actual teaching, as so much food which shall be transmuted into so much vitality to be transposed in turn into the lives which face her day by day in the class room. There are two words which today occupy first rank in the nomenclature of the teaching profession. The one is "interest;" the other is "discipline." The life of teaching depends in large measure upon interest. You have come upon this yourself perhaps in actual working order without being able to give it the proper name according to the catalogue. You have gone into one classroom where the teacher has been setting forth so intrinsically interesting a theme as the story of Evangeline. The faces before you, though, have been either apathetic or kindled by some vagrant ideas as far removed from the gentle heroine of that tale as our village is from the primeval forest of Arcadia. There was supreme indifference—there was no response. In another classroom under another teacher the lit-up faces of the students betokened the fact that under that skillful hand the normally dried-up symbols of algebra were being made to move across the blackboard with all the entrancing interest of a regiment of soldiers. The difference was not in the subject taught; it was in the specific gravity of the teacher. Imagination, understanding sympathy, in a familiar phrase, 'the life more abundant," created out of dead images and sober facts matters of fascinating import. You can't find this quality in books, though you might read all the volumes gathered under the roof of the Stanford library. No certificate of graduation or master's degree can guarantee its possession. It is a thing of the spirit as much as any quality which we seek to maintain in this place where we are worshipping tonight. The other word is discipline. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was held aloft in the old days as the sole rule of good government. Few of us would have been spoiled had that rule acted equally well in the affirmative. The familiar strap or rattan was a school master's very present help in time of difficulty. But the instrument was lifted into the place intended by the proverb to be occupied by the purpose and energy of the one who wielded it. The rules and the strap have been put farther away by the teacher today and she depends upon other forces to work to that good end. "Spare tact," she says, "spare trust, spare the spirit of justice and fair play, as well as the punishment for wrong doing and spoil the child." She recognizes that in large part the spirit of good discipline dwells within herself.

I am informed that the Bulletins Happy Land Summer Camp at Los Gatos was more or less of a bedlam until the advent of a certain teacher. With unruffled ways and a calm voice, with a face accustomed to meet a trying situation, with a smile rather than a frown, this teacher changed fretting children into a happy family and the spirit of subordination into cheerful obedience. It is strange how the advent of a hundred and twenty odd pounds of femininity can create such a new atmosphere, but so it does because of the spirit which dwells within. We are fortunate in having that one now in the teaching force of our public school. The force which we have for want of a better name called personality is not needed so much in the butcher, the baker or candle stick maker, but it has a leading role to play in the business of teaching.

The second expectation of the average citizen is that the boy or girl he sends to school shall be taught how to live as well as what to know. He wants his boy to know o god deal. You have seen the father's face light up with pride as his lad unfolds from his physical geography the path of the stairs an unknown country which the father has never traveled. He will toil night and day that his children may have the "learning" which he has missed. But above all this, rightly or wrongly, he looks with confident expectation toward seeing his son emerge within his possession forces not found in the arithmetic or spelling book—with honesty with a measure of unselfishness with self control. He thinks that the school will enable the boy to gain personal efficiency in the task of living. The school may not consciously recognize the justice of this demand, but at any rate it is unsconsciously meeting it.

We can see it working in certain outstanding ways. The subjects to be taught are outlined for the child to-day in as fixed a way as they ever were. It is not left to the haphazard choice of the child or the whim of the parent. But in that mysterious realm whence a curriculum arises, "the opinion of educators"—the subjects are chosen and shaped up less and less upon the theory of what ought to be known so that the child may vault some fence of erudition but what for his own proper growth he ought to go through the process of learning. The norm is not the book so much today as the child. When the farmer here-a-abouts wishes to bring a peach tree to fruition he forms his schedule of work to that end. So much potash or nitrate of soda; so much pruning and irrigation as the tree indicates it needs

by its response. This wholly sensible way is coming to reign in the class room. We have seen it in the introduction and spread of manual training. What a fight it had to make against prejudice before it gained the honored place it now holds in every well ordered school system. The chairs and tables are not really needed which are rudely shaped by those unskilled hands. We can buy them far more cheaply in the furniture store, but we can not buy the output of self expression which went into the making. We have found that the youthful carpenter is making straight character with straight lines, that he is fashioning square dealing with square edges, some worthy educator to the contrary notwithstanding. We can see this desire to mold the means to the needs of the child in the special classes for exceptional children under the leadership of exceptional teachers. The backward—those who do not walk easily along the accustomed road, and the forward—those whose nervous system lacks the tone to hold in check impulses which drive them ahead—are alike consulted in order that each may be rounded out to full stature. We find it in the honor system which gives the child at examination time a chance to be his own judge and his own guard against wrong doing. You will find this newer attitude coming into its own in the public exercises of almost any well ordered school. It was my good fortune to visit the Homer Avenue School on Lincoln's birthday. I listened with respect and interest to the old soldiers as they expressed their love for the Great President. But what commanded my attention most of all was the part taken by the students themselves. They did not recite in that painfully stilted style which used to be the order of the day. In their own way and in their own language they told the things they were interested in. It was immensely refreshing. One lad told some of Lincoln's anecdotes. The preface to his speech, which was all his own, was the most interesting part of what he had to say.

These various lines of work are somewhat off the main line of public school proceedure but indicate a principle which is more and more to play its part in our whole school system. This expectation on the part of the average citizen that the boy or girl he sends to the school each morning shall come back each night better equipped in heart as well as head is being valiantly met.

Is this religion? It may not answer the definition found in the dictionary. The Bible is not read and there is no formal worship there. But if religion covers the daily act of bringing to bear upon a growing child the sympathy, the understanding, and the trained mind of a devoted man or woman to the end that the child may mature into full stature, then the public school has its share in that name which we are accustomed to reserve for more conventional acts. I believe the teacher who tries to measure up to the best ideals of the work which she has chosen may take some modest place at least beside the Great Teacher in the accomplishment of the purpose which he indicated when he said "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

OLD LADYHOOD'S CHARM.

"Century" Writer Comforts Those Who Dread Its Approach.

There is this to be said to those who are dreading middle age, writes Lillie Hamilton French in the October "Century," discussing the passing of "Old Ladies," old ladyhood is really one of the most comfortable and delightful of estates. Enter it frankly, with eyes open to facts, not regreting the things left behind, but rejoicing in those no man can take from you, and you will not want to be a girl again or envy your younger sisters their raiment and successes. You can be an onlooker; they never can. You have fought your battles; they have theirs to win. You have established yourself in the world's opinion; everybody doubts their stability. You know life; they are still confused by the labyrinth of its unexpected turnings.

You can have friends, unquestioned and uncriticized, a privilege denied them—friends old and young, rich and poor, men as well as women. You can dare say that you like them and still be unafraid. For the first time in your life, too, you will be nobody's rival. Jealousy, with its little sting, cannot harm you.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

In the Upper Story.

And now we are shown to our beds. The bedroom is furnished in very simple style having very few articles of furniture. The bedstead is a curiosity. It has high massive posts of mahogany, tastily carved, but looking as if the builder had not time to reduce it to moderate weight. The bed is clean but very hard, mattresses being unknown here. The pillows are stuffed with a material much like the tops of our cattail flags. The envelop is bright scarlet and the cover of fine linen trimmed with lace lets the bright color shine through. These pillows are often taken along when the family journey, and this may be the reason they are so highly adorned.

We retire to our bed but not to sleep. It is a bright moonlight night, and of course, dogs' holiday. As soon as the streets grew deserted, their concert began. Some cur near by began with a yelp and was quickly answered with another a half mile away. Then half a dozen others thinking themselves specially addressed, yelped their reply, and then from every part of the universe, seemingly, came the whole, faster and louder, till it seemed as if earth and air were full of dogs, all trying to drown each others' voices. Suddenly, as if by common consent, all ceased and for a minute sweet silence reigned. As if to increase the effect the dogs had inserted a long "rest" in their music. But soon, away off, a deep mouthed fellow began a solo in bass. No one interrupted till he had finished, and then two sharp, shrill voices began a duet. One gave a single yelp and the other answered. Then the first yelped twice and the other answered the same, and then that distant bass struck in again. Then a rather musical tenor joined the trio, and then from every side more and more joined in, singing, wrangling, laughing, shouting, undercropping, overtopping, in waves advancing and retreating, and at last gathering into a deafening chorus—a universal charivari—as if every house in the city were serenaded by a score of dogs. Sleeping is out of the question—one could as well sleep in a saw factory. We remembered the maxim "every dog must have his day" and wished it might not be in the night time. Then we wondered if the dogs in Palestine were like these (Ps. 59:6,14) and if there were as many there as in Panama. About midnight, either the concert was done or we had got used to it and we dropped off to sleep.

We had been asleep only a few minutes, as it seemed

to us, when we were waked by the crow of a cock. It was so close it startled us. In a moment it was answered by another, evidently in the house where we were, and then by a dozen others in houses close by. Then the crowing grew general, till a hundred cocks from everywhere were calling and answering, and we concluded that the city had as many cocks as dogs. Then we thought that it must be daylight, though, because the room was closed tightly to keep out thieves and night air, we could not see it. But, hearing the people in the lower story stirring, we knew that day had come. So we opened the door-window, and daylight streamed in upon us. What a delightful morning it is! This seabreeze, how cool and sweet! This breath of many flowers, how inspiring! The balconies are covered with flowers; we miss the rose, but in its place that all embracing vine covered with hundreds of passion flowers, pours out a perfume far surpassing any rose tree. How still the morning air! Not a dog questions and not a cock replies, but "four bells" comes to us clear and sharp from a steamer two miles away.

But our delighted revery is interrupted, "Quiere cafe, senor?" We turn and see the servant girl, with the steaming coffee. It is the custom of the country. The coffee has milk in it for a wonder, but we know it must be goat's milk, but who cares?

Usually breakfast is ready about eleven o'clock, but today the whole family are to journey to some country place, so we breakfast early, and then comes the packing. There are no steamers or cars or hotels, and all supplies must be packed on mules—bedding, food, cooking utensils—every thing needed. All is confusion. Practiced hands pack all in large bundles, two of which are strapped on each mule, these making all the trouble they can—mules are mules, everywhere—and mule drivers, too—and after any amount of pounding and swearing (mildly, in Spanish) the goods are packed and strapped on, and the cavalcade is off. They go in single file, the father first, then the family, their servants, perhaps with children tied on their backs, the baggage mules and drivers. Such was old time traveling at Panama, and such it is not, today.

THE CORE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

W. C. Pond.

Last week I found this core ("the central or innermost part of a thing; the pith of it; the heart of it" (Standard Dictionary) not in any plans whatever for bringing to pass special scholarship even as respects the Bible, but rather in warmest love for Jesus Christ, and a true hearted zeal to feed with the bread of life, which Jesus declares to be his very self, Christ's sheep or lambs committed to the teacher's charge. The Sunday-school teacher is thus a pastor first, and an instructor afterwards. That is to say, while imparting knowledge with all possible painstaking and skill, he will never lose sight of the end in view, "if by an means he may save some."

I cannot think that any one views with more sincere approval and admiration than I do the zeal that seeks to improve the present method of imparting instruction in the Sunday-school: and the only criticism I have to make of them is this: that they presuppose in our Sunday-schools that which exists in but few. They lose sight of the fact that the time allowed for instruction scarcely averages thirty minutes each week: of the further fact that the Superintendent must usually be content to take such teachers as he can get and cannot be exacting as to their qualifications: that the pupils come largely from homes where no pains at all are taken to encourage home study: and that often even in the half hour of study in the class, one sinner is found destroying much good, and rendering attention to what the teacher says, almost impossible even to those desiring to be attentive. Even under such embarrassment to a teacher alert for the main thing, this "core" of which I am writing is not out of reach. Hearts that cannot be won by instruction, may in time be won by love. The teacher's personality will tell all the more powerfully, perhaps, because of these painful obstructions to her attempt to inculcate either truth or duty. It was a dark and dingy underground room, though in a prominent city church, that I myself first entered what was called the "Infant Class." As I remember it, the class numbered about 25 and we had but one teacher. I am sure that there must have been much to tax her patience and to send her home, sabbath after sabbath, discouraged. She had nothing to keep us interested and attentive, except that which, out of a heart rich in the Spirit of Christ, she had to say to us: no pictures to show us, no songs for us to sing, no little papers bright and beautiful such as come almost too freely now. I do not remember that any of us were infant saints:—and I know that we were boys and girls of like passions with the playful, giddy ones we are meeting now. And yet that teacher lives in my memory still, an ideal of saintly womanhood: a christian whose character as seen in that gloomy environment, had much to do with stirring in my boyish heart an intense desire to become a christian, though all her instruction utterly failed to make me know how this could be done. When at length her prayer on my behalf was granted and, led by a way I knew not, I became a believer, then I began to desire earnestly to know the truth as it is in Jesus, and the work of instruction became easy, for the things taught were just those I most desired to know.

The same little tractate which contained Prof. Coe's essay, gave a very full and interesting account of "the organization and curriculum of the Sunday-school of the First Church in New Haven, Conn. It seems that this ancient church still vigorous and progressive was the pioneer in the movement which has now attained such vast volume and force to improve the teaching in our Sunday Schools. And the leader in it was not an American, but a Japanese, Mr. Nakashima, then a student in Yale Divinity School, now Professor of Philosophy in the Imperial University at Tokio." This was in 1888, about 24 years ago. The school has an enrollment according to our latest Year book of 200 pupils. It is organized in no less than eleven grades or departments beginning with the "Cradle Roll" consisting of children three years old or under and goes on till it includes "the Graduate Department, the Home Department, the Lecture Course and the Extension Work."

The curriculum occupies nearly seven pages, and is a marvel of adaptedness to young and old; of logical processes, of minute analysis, of adjustment of its Scripture lessons to the capacity of those for whom they are intended. Often the ingenious title of a lesson gives in six or seven words the key to its special significance and a good hint as to its practical use. In its Normal Department young people from seventeen years old up indefinitely, are trained for future service, being kept at this for two years.

The whole conception is fine and it is finely worked out. I was curious, and I may say anxious to see what a scheme so fine would yield in souls set on their way heavenward. For this purpose I examined the record of this Church as it appears in the Year Book statistics from 1888 till now. I found one year, 1910, in which probably some other church was united with this one, for 51 were added on confession and 432 by letter. In 1887 the year preceding the adoption of this plan, 29 were added on confession and 24 by letter, total 53. These years stand in a class by themselves. There were two years, 1890 and 1901 in which none were received on confession. As to 17 other years the average is seven on confession and nine by letter. The Church during these years has had a membership ranging between 372 and 824. In most of them it has had the services of two pastors: one a man of great eminence, the other also, doubtless, able. It had also, we may assume, every desired convenience for Sunday School work, such as separate class rooms, charts, pictures, music, etc. It had, of course, through its normal class and its large church membership, teachers trained for the work. Yet, certainly, many churches far weaker than this one, both personally and financially, have far exceeded it in "sheaves gathered unto eternal life."

In explanation of this shall we fall back on the Divine sovereignty, and charge this apparent barrenness to some mysterious decree of God? On the other hand, shall we charge it as a necessary consequence to the elaborate plan and the fine instruction? To ask questions is to provoke an immediate and emphatic negative. And yet one cannot but wonder whether zeal may not have been exhausted on the preparatory, and thus withheld from the vital: whether our brethren may not have been so satisfied with their elaborate schedule and the praise it evoked, as to forget about the supreme and final test—the fruits.

I am not writing this to criticise, much less to condemn any one. If Jesus did not come in order to judge, much less should we: but I do desire to sound a note of warning to any one of the leaders in our Sunday-schools not to get so absorbed in the working of the machinery as to lose sight,—or to allow their fellow-workers to lose sight—of the end in view; and coming short of that, to doom the whole to failure:and what is it but failure if no souls are saved? And I do also hope that it may sound a note of courage and hope and Christ-like good cheer for such teachers as handicapped by an environment ill suited to the work, and conscious of lack of training for it, look back and blush at mistakes and apparent failures. What the Master asks of such is not achievement but faithfulness. His word to them is; "Well done thou good and faithful servant" and his assurance is that they shall not labor in vain or spend their strength for naught. And He will show them in his own good time that his promise does not fail.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Union, held in the North Berkeley Church on September 19, was a day of inspiration to all who attended, and one long to be remembered. The sunshine gave the warmest kind of a welcome, vieing with the welcome of the church.

Mrs. Perkins, the president, opened the morning session with a devotional service, after which Mrs. Patterson extended the greeting and welcome of the church, to which Mrs. Perkins responded.

The business of the day, consisting of several reports, was reduced to the smallest time limit possible. The report of the committee on the revision of the constitution was presented by Mrs. Lucas. After the reading of the changes contemplated, a discussion of Art. 4 resulted in the motion that this article be voted upon separately. This article was in regard to having a portion of the money sent to the Union undesignated, to be used as a contingent fund. It was moved that the remainder of the constitution be adopted as a whole. The report of the nominating committee was read by Mrs. Huson, and the secretary cast the ballot for the following directors to serve one year: Mrs. Geo. C. Adams, Mrs. J. M. Warren, Mrs. O. W. Lucas, Mrs. C. L. Mears, Mrs. Eli King, Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, Mrs. H. M. Shepperd, Mrs. Seward M. Dodge, Mrs. Geo. W. Hinman, Mrs. Chas. S. Nash, Mrs. F. B. Perkins, and Mrs. H. A. Jump.

"Our Treasury," as shown by Mrs. Lucas's report, had met all demands made upon it for the year. An innovation from the usual course was the Roll of Honor, on which the names of all churches appeared which had met their apportionment in full to all the six homeland societies. These churches were: Benicia, Campbell, Ceres, Eureka, Little Shasta, Mill Valley, Oakland First, Oakland First Guild, Oakland Plymouth, Oakland Fourth, Oakland Myrtle St., Oakland Boulevard, Oroville, Porterville, San Francisco Bethany, San Francisco Mission, Santa Cruz, Saratoga, Stockton and Tulare.

In accordance with the request of the Woman's Home Missionary Federation, the W. H. M. U. has set $5000 as their aim for their proportion of the National Budget for the coming year.

Mrs. Ray F. Carter spoke on Home Mission Week, which will be November 17-24, telling of the three months' educational preparation for it, and the order of service. She named districts where no missionary work is done, and spoke of the need of the best men in those fields, and their privations which should be eliminated as far as possible. The Roll Call was answered by Miss Grace E. Barnard, who, in answer to each name, read messages of loving greeting from absent ones, or extracts from letters or reports written by those who had formerly been active in the work, and had now been called to the higher life.

"Echoes of Other Years," telling of work and workers who had been helpful in the early days of the Union, as remembered by Mrs. Haven and Mrs. Greeley, was read by Miss Helen M. Perkins. Mrs. O'Brien called attention to the literature on hand, speaking particularly of the book on Mormonism, "The Islam of America," by Bruce Kinney, which she urged all auxiliaries to use in their mission study classes. Mrs. Goodsell expressed her readiness to make arrangement for boxes to be sent to the Indians and for the work of the Ministerial Relief, for this should not be delayed if the boxes are to reach their destination before the holidays. Greetings from the State Unions were read by Miss Perkins, and they were full of encouragement and love, coming from nearly every state in the union to congratulate the W. H. M. U. on its twenty-fifth anniversary.

A delightful lunch was served by the entertaining church, a few informal after-dinner—or rather after-luncheon—speeches adding to the pleasure of the day.

The afternoon session was opened by a devotional service led by Mrs. Hazlett. Mrs. J. C. Luckey, Pacific Coast Vice-President of the W. H. M. Federation, spoke on "Work and Workers." She said that reports dealt mostly with statistics and figures, but a visit gives love and fellowship; and told of many interesting incidents in connection with the different mission schools which she had visited.

The report of the committee on resolutions included remembrance of absent members, our wish to participate in the Home Mission Week, recommendation of the study of the book, "The Islam of America" by mission study classes, and hearty thanks to the North Berkeley Church for their cordial entertainment. After the offering a solo by Miss Mary Reed was very much appreciated.

Probably the greatest interest of the day centered in the talk on "Italy in America" by Rev. Robert Walker, who preached the gospel in Italy for twenty-seven years, and is now carrying on the work in the Green Street Church in San Francisco. He believes that to "preach the gospel to all the world," it is most necessary to preach it in America, for in many cases those who are converted here return to carry the glad tidings to their home towns, where it comes with surer influence because coming from their very own. He laid stress on the losing of denominational lines.

"The Art of Friendliness" as seen and explained by the Rev. H. A. Jump was a good practical talk. Some of his suggestions were, that we make acquaintance with the customs and interests of the foreigners whom we wish to help, take an interest in their social life and make special application of ways of education. We must meet the needs of these people, and the use of pictures, with an interpreter if possible, is a great help. He is a believer in the pageant, and most of all in brotherhood.

After the singing of a hymn and a prayer the meeting adjourned, but many lingered, seeming loathe to leave the atmosphere of helpfulness and happiness.

MARY A. BELL, Recording Secretary.

A LITTLE SONG.

The joys that we have missed
The broken tryst,
The friend we never knew,
The harp and lute unstrung,
The song unsung —
A little toast to you!

The joys that we have missed—
The lips unkissed,
The dreams that ne'er came true,
The home-bound ships that sleep
In havens deep—
A little toast to you!

The joys that we have missed—
Life's unground grist,
Hopes unfulfilled —a few:
The days and nights unwreathed,
The love unbreathed—
A little toast to you!—

—Clarence Urmy.

Happy people are the pleasantest, and there is no doubt that many a man owes his good fortune in life to the circumstance that he has a pleasant way of smiling, and so wins the heart in his favor.

Among the Churches.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Noah C. Gause closed his work at Sunnyvale last Sunday.

The Rev. George Peebles has resigned from the pastorate at Pacific Grove.

San Jose has established Sunday afternoon out-door municipal concerts. Twenty of the best musicians of the city participate.

The Congregational Church at Tulare loses a valuable member by the removal of Mr. C. R. Scott to Lindsay. This change involves also a denominational change.

The First Congregational Church of Berkeley is having once a month, on Wednesday evening, a conference on "Child Nature and Child Nurture. The next will be on October the 9th.

The Rev. Herbert A. Jump was the preacher at Stanford last Sunday. On the 13th of October he will give the address on the occasion of the celebration of the quarter century anniversary of Pomona College.

Founders' Day will be celebrated by Pacific Theological Seminary next Monday. There will be forenoon and afternoon meetings—at 11 and at 2 o'clock. Adresses will be made by the Rev. Messrs, Gause, Briggs, Rathbone and Hager.

The Rev. E. A. Roys has been called to the Fruitvale Avenue Church, Oakland, for one year. Mr. Roys is a graduate of Yale Divinity School, and has had charge since 1909 of the First Congregational Church of Boxford, Massachusetts.

The Rev. C. C. Champlin, pastor of the Congregational Church at San Rafael has been appointed chaplain for the steamer Cleveland on its next voyage, around the world. He will leave next week for New York from which port the steamer will start on the 19th of October. It will reach San Francisco early in February.

Dr. C. M. Hagar, the well-known missionary to China, will give a stereopticon lecture next Sunday evening in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley on "The Oriental on the Pacific Coast, and What We Are Doing for Him." Dr. Hagar has been going around in the State considerably of late, making a study of conditions.

The following "Night Message" was delivered in Los Angeles last week: "Very important appointment, twenty-ninth, nine-thirty, First Congregational Bible School. Your class loses banner if you are absent or tardy. Target Contest needs you. Your school needs your offering. Stephani Schutze will tell fascinating stories, nine-thirty and eleven."

The Myrtle Street Congregational Church of Oakland will dedicate its new building next Sunday. The dedicatory sermon will be in the forenoon, and will be given by the Rev. Griffith Griffiths. In the afternoon there will be a fellowship meeting, addresses being by the Revs. H. A. Jump, A. W. Palmer, S. C. Patterson, and Professor Buckham. In the

evening Mr. Orr, the pastor, will lead the congregation in the "Act of Dedication," and the dedicatory prayer will be by Mr. Griffiths.

The next meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held on Monday the 21st of October, at which time the hour will be given to reports on and a discussion of the State Conference meeting at Pacific Grove. Next Monday attendance will be at the exercises in commemoration of founders' day at Pacific Theological Seminary.

The Rev. H. A. Shearer, formerly pastor at Pescadero, and at Paradise valley, is now in charge of a Methodist Episcopal field in Northern California—Montague and Hornbrook. Last year Mr. Shearer supplied the Methodist church at Hammonton near Marysville. The family home is at Chico where the daughters are in school. After completing their studies at Chico they will enter the University of California.

Last Monday at the meeting of the Congregational minivery interesting account of his year abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Tolson spent fourteen months in travel and study in England and on the continent, going in such a leisurely way as to derive more than the usual amount of pleasure and information. They were two months in Dresden; two months in Florence; several weeks in Rome; five weeks in Vienna; six weeks in Paris. Most of Mr. Tolson's talk last Monday related to social and industrial conditions. Being able to read the German language and to converse therein he came upon wide-spread war sentiment, and a general determination to smash the British Empire so as to make possible German expansion.

In the November number of the Century Magazine a series of articles called "After-the-War Series" will be begun. Colonel Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal will write on "The Humor and Tragedy of the Greeley Campaign." General Harrison Gray Otis of Los Angeles Times on "The Causes of Andrew Johnson's Impeachment." Alfred Holman of the Argonaut on "Uncle Sam's Bargain in Alaska." Melville E. Stone of the Associated Press on "Cleveland's Triumph over Blaine." Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, on "The Aftermath of Reconstruction." C. A. Conant, formerly of the New York Journal of Commerce, on "The Return to Hard Money."

The Rev. Herbert A. Jump began last Sunday evening in the First Church of Oakland a series of sermons on "Builders of the New Social Order." Topics as follows: Frederick Denison Maurice—A Thinker of Brotherly Thoughts; William Morris—An Artist who Would Redeem the Wage-Earner; Charles Dickens—A Reporter who Awoke a Nation; Karl Marx—A Philosopher who Studied Bread and Butter; Charles Kingsley—A Story-Teller and Trumpeter for Justice; Henry George—A Dreamer who Set Men to Pondering; John Ruskin—A Rebel Economist with a Gentle Soul; David Lloyd George—A Statesman who is Adding Heart to Politics; Walt Whitman—The Strange Singer of an Emancipated Humanity.

In a sermon in the First Congregational Church of San Jose on "Love as a Social Force," the Rev. W. W. Willard said: "Love is ethical and dynamic and must be the supreme force and directive power in the new day, national and international, that is now dawning upon our planet. From the point of view of the higher utilitarianism it alone is pragmatic—it alone will work. This is the voice of history, of philosophy and of experience, as it is the word of the Galileean gospel. No domain of life can escape the revolutionary influence of this ethic of love. Government industry and education must respond to a new mutualism which shall be the reincarnation of the spirit of Jesus in our collective and multiplex civilization. The lines of Whittier written 60 years ago are finding fresh and larger fulfillment each day:

'Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way,
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breakingcalmandclear."

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

On Sept. 25 Rev. H. S. Tuttle, Assistant Pastor and Director of Religious Education, opened a series of lectures on a critical period of Hebrew history. The basis of the series is Kent's "Kings and Prophets." The Time is Wednesday, 6:45 p. m. The topics are: 1. Elijah and the Prophetical Order. 2. Amos: A New Conception of Religion. 3. Hosea: Jehovah's Love. 4. Isaiah: A Preacher in Politics. 5. Hezekiah: Forerunner of Social Reform. 6. Josiah and the Great Reform. 7. Deuteronomy. 8. Jeremiah: The "Lincoln" of Judah. 9. Ezekiel: The Significance of the Exile. 10. Teaching Value of the prophetic Period. To insure a large attendance at these lectures from the first, the ladies began, at that date, to give their Wednesday evening church cafeteria suppers at 6 o'clock. The J. O. C. Class of the Bible School held a bakery sale just before the supper, and sold everything they had. They will keep up these sales until they can furnish a room in the building on the new lot, called the Parish Building Annex. The C. E. societies and some Bible school classes have done well in furnishing the rooms of that building. There are nice grass plots in front, and the back yard is ready for games and athletics. One new course has been added this year in the Senior department of the Bible school: a graded study of Bible history and literature. A gentleman and his wife are planning an interesting program of social activities for that class.

On Sept. 8, G. A. R. Sunday, Rev. Mr. Lovejoy of Lawrence, Mass., preached at the morning service, holding the close attention of a large audience of soldiers and citizens. In the evening there was a reverent memorial service for the late Emperor of Japan. On Sept. 15 Dr. R. R. Meredith of Pasadena preached an impressive sermon on Prayer. Sept. 29 was Rally Day. Rev. H. K. Booth of Long Beach preached on "The Charm of the Book" in a way to win all who did not know the Book. In the opening exercises of the Bible school Mr. Stephani Schutszi told an Old Testament story in his famous fascinating manner, and again in the church service he told a New Testament story in place of the Scripture lesson. Everybody was captivated. Every class that had every member in place at the opening of the Bible school rceeived a bealtiful silk American flag. Rally Day was a glad day.

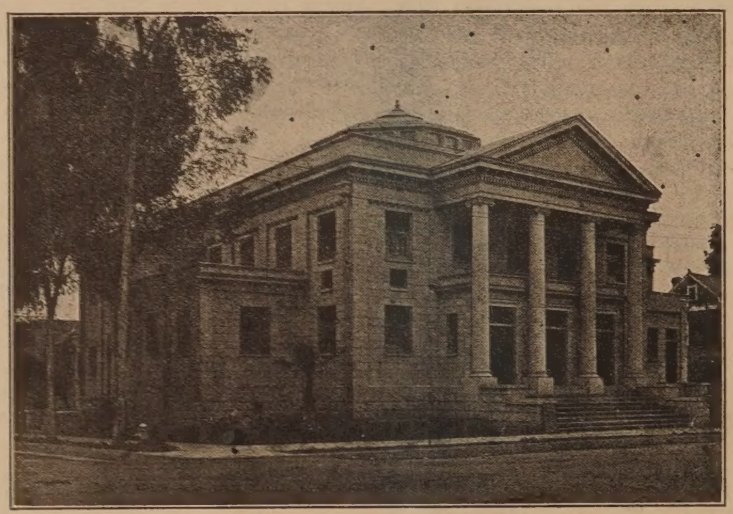
The main thing about our circumstances is whether they are our master or our servant.

PLYMOUTH CONGERGATIONAL CHURCH OF WHITTIER, CALIFORNIA.

On the 15th of September a fine new church edifice was dedicated at Whittier California, which was erected last year at a cost of $30,000. We give herewith a picture of the building.

The dedicatory sermon was given by the Rev. C. H. Seccombe of Santa Ana. The pastor, the Rev. Wilson J. Marsh, led in the "Act of Dedication." The dedicatory prayer was by Rev. N. T. Edwards, a former pastor.

The building is pronounced one of the handsomest church buildings in southern California and is conveniently arranged inside. The large auditorium will seat six hundred people, and with the Sunday school room, which is in the rear the church can accommodate 900 people. There are three rows of pews and a choir loft in which a pipe organ is to be placed. An organ, the gift of Mrs. H. F. Griffin, as a memorial to her husband, will be installed and ready for use December 20 of this year. A lobby extends part



trance on this side. The main entrance is on College street. The cost of the building with the furnishings is over $30,000.

Plymouth Church Whittier, was organized September 20, 1894. In July of that year a number of people interested in the organization of a Congregational church met at one of the homes, and talked the matter over. It was decided at that meeting that a church was needed. Other meetings were held and a committee on organization was appointed. This committee canvassed the situation and on September 20, 1894 a council was called which met at the M. E. church of Whittier. Representatives from eight congregational churches were present. Many reasons were given for the formation of a church in Whittier, Rev. Thomas Armstrong, then pastor of the Friends church, spoke in favor of the formation of the church and he joined with Rev. Thomas Stalker, D. D., pastor of the M. E. church, in expressing the belief that there was room in Whittier for a Congregational church. Twenty-five persons signified their desire to join a church of that faith. The result of this meeting was that the council voted to advise the organization of a church. Services were held and the church duly organized.

October 7, 1894, Rev. George Willett of San Luis Obispo held the first public worship and later he accepted the call to the pastorate here and commenced his labors in November of the same year.

That was eighteen years ago and the church started with a membership of 29. The first church building was erected on Greenleaf avenue and the dedicatory services were held in October 1896. Mr. Willett remained with the church here for five years and then returned to San Luis Obispo. He saw the completion of the first church building, and did much to strengthen the church in its early life.

In the fall of 1903 the need for a parsonage was felt and the church bought the two lots at the corner of Bright evenue and College street. These two lots are now the site of the handsome new church building.

The new church building was started under the pastorate of Rev. Alexander McGregor. The pastor was ill at the time but under the efficient management of a building committee composed of Rev. N. T. Edwards, A. C. Maple, John Crook, C. F. Klingberg and Lewis Landreth the enterprise was laid before death called the pastor away. Rev. Wilson J. Marsh, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, was extended a call then, and began his labors July 1, 1910.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PASADENA.

The church auditorium has been thoroughly renovated during the summer, walls and ceiling tastefully decorated and woodwork refinished. The women's society has also installed a drinking fountain and added a steam table to the kitchen equipment, and a doubledeck wheeled tray for carrying dishes. Services were suspended for two Sundays while improvements were being made, and on one of these a number of the congregation, led by the pastor, went by auto to La Canada for worship. Among the supplies during Dr. Fox's vacation were pastors of two of our growing Los Angeles churches, Revs. Tyler Dennett and Stanley Ross Fisher.

September 22d was College Day in the Sunday-school when college pennants were hung on the walls and the names of the 17 students, with their respective colleges, written on the blackboard. Nine of these were young women from the "T. G." class of the school, and nine of the seventeen are Pomona students.

The work of the "Boosters' Committee" of the school was evidenced last Sunday at the Rally Day session by a

and grasshoppers as he can, and as many of them alive as possible.

In after years he will preserve those collections as happy memories, but others will trace a vital connection between the substantial citizen, with his thrift and his friendships, and the lad who once lived and loved and whispered and dreamed in that room; for the virtues of self dependence, self-control, responsibility for one's own belongings, companionships, imaginations originality and cooperation will have been nurtured there.

—James Kirtly in The Continent.

Our Young People

"PLAY BALL!"

If you've made a bad beginning,
  If the batsmen all go wrong,
If the other team is winning,—
  That's the time to play up strong!

You know you made a fumble?
  Well, keep your head, and wait!
Just watch the ball; don't grumble!—
  You have it! Send it straight!

Don't fuss about the scoring,
  Don't weaken at the din;
Let others do the roaring;
  You—play the game to win!

And when life's conflicts meet you—
  They come to one and all—
Don't let your fears defeat you;
  Keep steady, and "play ball!"

—Arthur Chamberlain in St. Nicholas for October.

THE TARDY ASTER.

Little Bessie Berry was almost always late for school. She was almost always late for everything.

It wasn't because she had to run errands, or mind the baby, but because she was an "in-a-minute" and a "pretty-soon" and an "after-a-while" little girl, who liked to dilly-dally better than anything else in the world.

There were some other children in Bessie's room who were often tardy, too; so the teacher began to wonder what she could do. And soon she thought of something. She went to the seedsman and bought some seeds. They were aster seeds, in paper packets.

"Listen, children!" said the teacher. "How many of you ever had a flower garden?"

Bessie had; most of the children in Bessie's class had.

Then the teacher said a nice thing. "These seeds are for you—one little packet for each one in this room."

Here Bessie raised her hand. "Please may I pass 'em?"

But the teacher shook her head. "One for each one in the room," she went on, "who isn't tardy a single time this month."

That wasn't all. They would plant the seeds and after a while have flowers. And then the seedsman would give a prize to the boy or girl who had the finest flowers. It was really two prizes.

So the children looked at the seeds longingly and promised that they wouldn't be tardy a single time. And some weren't. But Bessie was—four times!

The next month was April, and the tardy ones tried again. Bessie was tardy twice. They were to try once more in May.

"Try, try again," said Bessie's papa. So she tried again. And mamma helped. Every morning and afternoon she said "Seeds!" when she kissed her little girl good-bye. Bessie said "Seeds" over and over, all the way to school, and didn't dilly-dally once.

And on the last day of May she took a packet of seeds home. Bessie and her mamma planted them right off. They didn't dilly-dally about it at all. Bessie hoped she might win the seedsman's prize.

But it was late and dry, and the seeds didn't come up very quickly. Only one seedling grew. Papa called it a dilly-dally flower. It just wouldn't catch up with Clara Bell's across the street. But Clara Bell had won her seeds in March.

When the day for the flower show was nearly come, some of Bessie's friends had big blue and white asters in their gardens, and Bessie had one fine aster plant, with hard, green knobs at the top.

Every morning she counted the days that were left, until at last a bit of white showed in one of the knobs. But then there was only one day left.

So everybody, even Bessie, knew that it would be a tardy aster, just as Bessie had been a tardy little girl.

When at last the day for awarding the prize came, it was a very, very sad Bessie Berry who stood in the back garden looking down at a tardy aster, while all of her little friends, with full of punctual asters, went to the flower show.

Wasn't it too bad? But it must have been a good lesson for Bessie, for she doesn't dilly-dally any more.

—Lulu G. Parker, in Little Folks.

TWO LITTLE BOYS.

The good little boy and the bad little boy
  Both live in the house with me;
But it is quite strange—I can look and look,
  Yet only one boy I see—
Just one little boy with sparkling eyes,
  And the funniest pudgy nose,
All brimful of life from the top of his head
  To the tips of his ten stubby toes.

And yet there are two of him I am sure,
  For one is a bad little boy,
And I am so sorry that he lives here
  To bother the good little boy;
Yes, pester and bother the good little boy
  Till he sometimes drives him away;
And the bad little boy is alone with me
  For the rest of the long, long day.

And I ask him to go for the good little boy
  And bring him again to me;
But I take him up and I hold him close
  While I talk to him lovingly;
And while I am talking he sometimes laughs,
  But oftener far he cries—
And I see that the good little boy is back
  As I look in the bad boy's eyes.

—Grace G. Crowell.

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DISCOURAGEMENTS.

Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel.—Hag. ii. 4.

There were many things to discourage the builders. The people lacked resources. There were difficulties. It was a noble mission on which the prophet came—as an encourager. Every one of us should seek to be an encourager. We certainly never should be discouragers. Life is hard enough, and he who makes it harder for any one sins against his brother. Yet too many people do this continually. They are hinderers. They always find some way to dampen ardor, to chill enthusiasm, to put clouds into clear skies. When they find any one happy they must say something to spoil the happiness. When they meet a person in trouble they must make the trouble seem greater by their gloomy talk about it. Pessimists add greatly to the world's burdens. We all need to watch ourselves lest we join the ranks of discouragers. As God sent Haggai to hearten these discouraged people, to those fighting battles, or enduring sorrows, to cheer them, to make them braver. Often this is the best service love can render.—J. P. Miller, "Evening Thoughts."

Tommy's Aunt.—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?

Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you.

Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm sufferin' from is politeness.

—Ex.

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